

AUGUST 1920

Little Folks

15 c.
a copy

\$1.50
a year



S.E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.



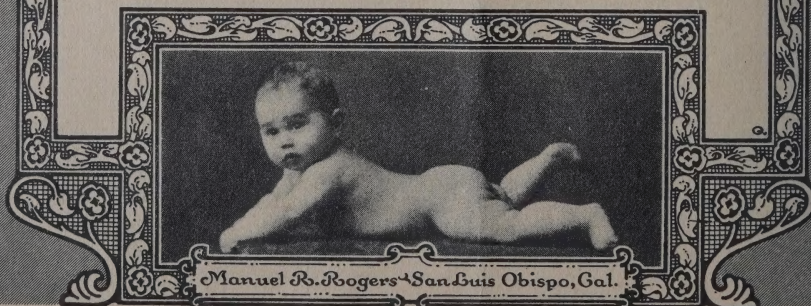
For your Baby, use the
**Mellin's Food Method
 of Milk Modification**

Mellin's Food,
 prepared with milk,
 is a complete food
 for an infant. By
 simply varying the
 proportions in its
 preparation, it can
 be adapted to chil-
 dren of all ages.



Write for a Free Trial Bottle
 of Mellin's Food today

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY - BOSTON, MASS.



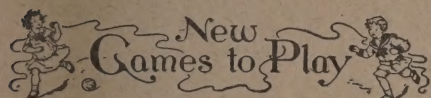


Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—

Do you enjoy surprises? I just love them, and I think everybody else does, too. That is why, this month and every month after, there is going to be a Special Page with some sort of Surprise on it for you. I think you will enjoy them very much, and I hope you will write and tell me whether or not you like having them.

Lovingly yours,
The Editor.



TWO GAMES FOR WARM DAYS

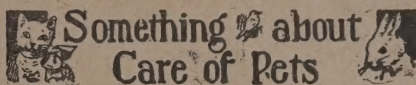
AUGUST is such a warm month that we are sometimes glad to play games which do not require running about. Below are two such good games that you and your friends will enjoy because they are so much fun.

HOW I PACKED MY TRUNK

For this game the players are seated in a circle and the leader starts by saying "I went abroad and in my trunk I put—" (naming an article beginning with "a"). The next one says, "I went abroad and in my trunk I put—" (the article beginning with "a") and—" (an article beginning with "b"). Each one in turn repeats all the articles given and adds one of her own, beginning with the next letter of the alphabet. You'll have a lot of fun, as well as some trouble, in remembering all the things that went in that trunk!

"GOING TO PARIS"

The players may be any number and should sit in a circle. The leader starts the game by saying to his left-hand neighbor, "I went to Paris and bought a pair of shears." Meantime he begins working the first two fingers of his right hand like shears. The neighbor repeats this sentence and he, too, ends by making his fingers go scissors fashion. This continues around the circle until all are doing it. Then the leader says to his right-hand neighbor, "I went to Paris and bought a fan," fanning himself with his left hand and still making his right hand go scissors fashion. This goes around the circle. The third time around, he says, "I went to Paris and bought a rocking-chair," and rocks himself back and forth. The fourth time around he buys a sewing-machine and works his right foot treadle fashion. The fifth and last time he buys chewing-gum and chews hard. It is almost impossible for all the players to do all five things at the same time.



WHITE RATS AND MICE

LOTS of people who do not like the rats and mice that do so much harm around houses, do not know what delightful pets white mice and white rats can be. They are not in the least like their gray-coated brothers, for they are friendly, gentle and good-mannered.

Mother will probably prefer that you keep your pet in a house of his own, rather than let him run about your house. The one thing you will need to remember is that Mr. Mouse and Mr. Rat can gnaw with their sharp little teeth, and squeeze through tiny holes, and run and climb; and that they are very clever at getting out of places. For that reason, their houses should be of very closely woven wire.

Mr. Mouse and Mr. Rat need plenty of feed and plenty of room. They like all sorts of things to eat—cake crumbs, bread, potatoes, cheese, and all kinds of grain. They do not need meat, but should have plenty of water.

It is better not to attempt to give either Mr. Rat or Mr. Mouse a bath—let them do their own cleaning.

If you will put a pan of dirt or fine ashes or sawdust in the house, and empty it from time to time, you will find that Mr. Mouse and Mr. Rat have just as good manners as Miss Pussy-cat. Also, give Mr. Rat and Mr. Mouse some rags or ravelings from which to make a nest—anything soft will suit them.

Rats may live a number of years, with good care. Sometimes they get to know the voices of their owners, and if they are gently treated, will come when called and eat from their owner's hand. But remember not to handle these little fellows any more than is absolutely necessary. Never squeeze them.

Perhaps some of you have seen the tiny Japanese dancing mice which hop about so amusingly, just as though they were really dancing. They are even more delicate than the white mice and rats we usually have for pets, and entertaining as they are, our old friends are more satisfactory as pets.

*Originated
and made by
Pacific Mills,
Lawrence, Mass.*

Duretta Cloth

*Sold by the
best Retailers
in each of the
leading cities.*

is a carefully made twilled fabric which is distinctive from the well known Jeans because it is made with a peculiar lustre finish. Duretta Cloth is woven from selected cotton so as to produce a cloth unexcelled for great strength, long wear and exceptional beauty.

Children's Dresses, Rompers and Blouses



made from Duretta Cloth always prove satisfactory because they withstand the hardest wear, wash easily and retain their original beauty until worn out. Ask to see Duretta Cloth at your Retailer's and if not found write us for free samples and further information about this remarkable cloth.



PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASS.



When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

CONTENTS

AUGUST

1920

Something To Do Department	
New Games To Play.....	433
Something About Care of Pets.....	433
Something From Far Away.....	436
Something Special For August.....	438
Something To Grow.....	440
Something Other Readers Have Written.....	440
Something For Your Party.....	440
Something To Cut and Color....."Dotty".....	442
Something To Join.....	474
Something To Look For Outdoors.....	475
Something To Write To Other Readers.....	475
Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made.....	476
Playroom Cooks.....	478
Something To Draw.....	478
Fanny Freckle-Face.....Mazie V. Caruthers.....	443
Illustrated by Katherine L. Mallet	
What a Shame.....Jennie B. Hartswick.....	449
Susanne and the Pennies.....Marjorie Candee.....	450
Illustrated by Ruth Hambridge	
A Riddle Rhyme.....Charles S. Pratt.....	451
Fluff Finds a Playfellow.....Abigail Burton.....	452
Illustrated by S. R. Knowlton	
Keeping the Rules.....Zitella Cocke.....	455
Somebody and the Princess.....Margaret Johnson.....	456
Illustrated by Edith Butler	
Wood Folk of Lone Lake.....Chapter V.....Allen	
Chaffee.....	458
Illustrated by Peter Da Ru	
The Freckled Boy.....Paul Pastnor.....	462
The Merry Americans.....Chapter VIII.....Gertrude	
O. Warner.....	463
Illustrated by Violet M. Higgins	
The Yellow-Capped Monkey.....Chapter II.....Sophie	
Sweet.....	468
Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill	
A Parrot From Santo Domingo.....	471
The Fairies' Wash.....Florence White Williams.....	472
Illustrated by the Author	

Entered as second class matter at P. O., Salem, Mass.
Copyright 1920 by S. E. Cassino Co.

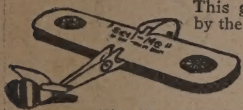
M. G. Osborne, Editor C. V. Frazier, Asst. Editor

\$1.50 a year Issued Monthly 15c. a copy
Canadian Postage 15c. Extra

Renew subscriptions direct to publisher and avoid errors
When address changes send immediate notice, giving
both new and old addresses.

S. E. CASSINO CO. SALEM, MASS.

"SAIL-ME" AEROPLANE 25c.



This great new indoor sport! Fun
by the hour! Simple to operate.

No springs, strings or rubbers
to break. Boys and Girls—
Just the Aeroplane
You've Wanted!

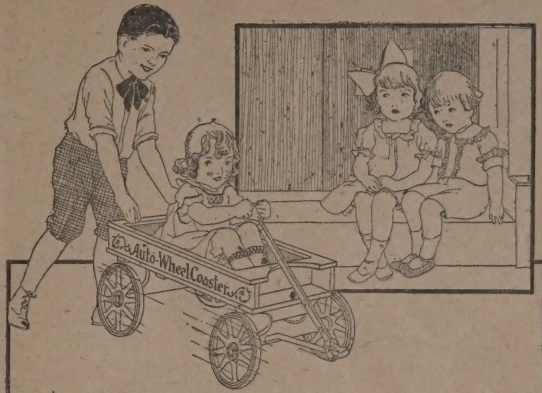
Fly like a bird in any room without harm to itself
or furniture. Does all the acrobatic stunts of an expert aviator. A pat-
ented miniature aeroplane—scientific, practical and attractive. Be first!
Sent prepaid upon receipt of 25c. money order. Free circular on request.
S. E. CASSINO CO., 520 Philip Ave., Detroit, Mich.

FREE
Military Polish air rifle. Sell 8
boxes Mentho Nova salve at 25c.
U. S. Supply Co. Box 21, Greenville, Pa.

Little Folks Free For a Year

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE will be sent free for a
year to anyone who sends two new yearly subscriptions at
\$1.50 each. Renew your subscription free by securing two
new subscriptions.

LITTLE FOLKS, SALEM, MASS.



"Gee! I Wish We Had an Auto-Wheel"

"Little Mary and her brother Jim have a mighty good time with their
AUTO-WHEEL COASTER. My what fun they have coasting! And
when there is an errand to do, the **AUTO-WHEEL** makes it easy."

Don't you wish you had an

Auto-Wheel Coaster

or an

Auto-Wheel Roadster

Ask your Dad to get one for you. Tell him to send for the "**AUTO-
WHEEL SPOKESMAN**." It's an interesting magazine with lots of pic-
tures of little folks. We'll put your name on the mailing list if you'll have
your Dad send us the names of three coaster dealers in your town, telling
which ones sell the wagons with the name "**AUTO-WHEEL**" on the sides.

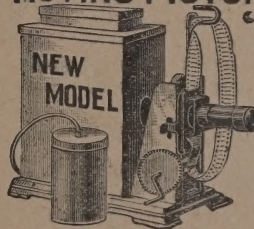
THE BUFFALO SLED CO.,

187 Schenck St.,

N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

In Canada: Preston, Ont.

Export Office, 365 West 23rd St., New York

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
'FREE'

This genuine New
Model American made
Moving Picture Machine
with film--ALL GIVEN
for selling 24 packages
Blutine at 15c. a package.
Write for them. We send
them postpaid. When
sold return \$3.60 and we
send machine and film
postpaid. BLUTINE
MFG. CO., 415 Mill St.,
Concord Jct., Mass.

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE



The one we offer is a
little beauty, having a
stag handle and
both a large and a
small blade of fine
quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling
30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a cards and return-
ing to us the money you collect, you may have one of
these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, B., BOSTON, MASS.

When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS



Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag



San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I wish you came every week. It seems to me, and, I think, to every other reader, that a month is a very long time. I can hardly wait for you to come. I certainly enjoy you. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is August 1. I have a brother eleven and a sister seven. I have a father but no mother. For one year I had the care of my brother and sister and the house. San Luis Obispo was founded very long ago by the Spanish. It is very old and historic. It is noted for its mission and its beautiful mountain scenery. The Mission was founded in 1772. There are a great many old Spanish houses and huts here. They are made of adobe. I would be glad to hear from some little girl about my age in Florida or Arizona. My address is P. O. Box 573.

Genedana Matthews.

Ray City, Ga.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade at school. I have a little brother and sister who think with me that Little Folks is one of the finest of magazines. We all love vacation time. We have many flowers, fruits and vegetables during the summer. Blackberries and huckleberries get ripe here during June. Sometimes we go on picnics, but most of the time we go to Banks' Pond, about eight miles from here. This pond is seven miles long and three miles wide. Along its edges are water hyacinths, and further back are trees with moss on them. We always have good times when we go there.

Mary Eunice Sapp.

Bliss, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you for about two years and enjoy you very much, especially the Letter Bag. I am eight years old. I live in Wyoming County, where the land is rolling and is good for pasturing cows. The farmers here raise potatoes, cabbages and some beans to sell. In the spring they make maple sugar, which I think is very good. I go to school every day and am in the fourth grade. I have only one pet, a little white beagle hound named Sukie. I earn my money for Thrift Stamps by selling cottage cheese. I would like some girl of my age to write to me.

Velora F. Burse.

Clarkfield, Minn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. I have been going to school for a year. I am ten years old and in the third grade. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Valnet, Belva and Hylding. Belva started to school at Easter. There is going to be a children's playground next to our house. I cannot walk at all, but I have a wheel-chair that I can go all around in. I should like to hear from some of the readers.

Marjorie Skang.

Sisseton, S. D.

Dear "Little Folks":—I live on a Sioux Indian Reservation, a few miles from the Agency. Every year the Indians have an annual Fair. Once I went and they had a war dance. They all wore their Indian costumes, which they do not wear commonly. They danced up and down and beat drums. We went into the Exhibit Hall, where we saw things that the Indian children had made. There was a little fire engine made by an Indian boy. There was lots of bead work, too. Some of the Indians are very industrious, but lots of others are lazy and want to visit and have fun all the time. I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. I would like to hear from any other little girls or boys.

Mary Jane Williams.

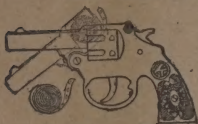
Leicester, N. C.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been taking you nearly two years. I was eleven years old the eleventh of January. I was sick and didn't walk for nearly a year; but now I can go nearly anywhere I want on crutches. We live in a village eleven miles from Asheville. My father has the drug store here. He lets me have a showcase and I make candy to sell. I have one sister who is fifteen years old, but is away at school. Most of the time I am lonesome, except when Little Folks comes. There are so many things to look at and make that it doesn't give you much time to get lonesome. I feel so sorry for our little French War Orphans. I am saving my money to help take care of them. I would be glad to hear from any readers.

Mary Sue Triplett.

SUBMARINE FREE

Real Submarine. runs under water, dives, shoots torpedo, has propeller, motor, steering rudder, automatic torpedo gun. Given for selling 20 pkgs. Blaine at 15c. a pkg.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 416 Mill Street, Concord Jct., Mass.

GET THIS BIG REPEATING PISTOL

Looks and loads like a revolver. Shoots 30 loud caps from roll as fast as you pull the trigger. Light; all metal; positive action; self-loading. 250 extra shots with pistol. Given free for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card.

THE PREMIER 50 SHOT REPEATER

THE SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 by EXPRESS, prepaid, \$1.25.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS and GIRLS MAKE MONEY

selling **Bell-Hood** semi-permanent phonograph needles. Sells on sight. Each needle plays 50 records. Stops disagreeable scratching and makes each tone as clear as a bell. Send 25c. for 3 sample needles.
APPEL, 1404 F. Dixwell Ave., New Haven, Conn.

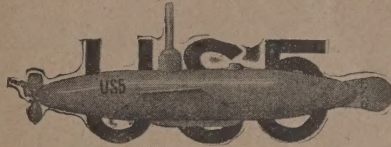
BIRTHSTONE	4 RINGS FREE	DIAMOND
INITIAL SIGNET		WEDDING

Solid Gold filled Rings, guaranteed 3 years, your Birthstone, your Initial Signet, handsome Engagement and Real Wedding Ring, all 4 Rings FREE for selling 12 pkgs. Blaine at 15c. a pkg.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 413 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners. Sells easily at 10c. a card. Every woman uses them. *Write to-day.*

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

DO YOU WANT THIS SUBMARINE

Sensation of Toy-land? Runs under water, on top of it; straight

ahead or in circles. Measures 10 1/2 in. and is finished in battleship gray and red. Operating parts of metal, with pure rubber motor which will last a long time. Ideal for seashore, park lakes, swimming pools and bath tubs. Yours for selling 20 sets of snap fasteners at 10 cents each.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

for selling 12 packages Blaine at 15c. a package. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our \$1.80 and we will send rifle.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 417 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

Real Mattress Cleanliness

BED ticking is a sieve-like fabric which allows foreign matter to filter through and to become a fixture in the mattress. Re-covering such bedding is an uncleanly makeshift which merely does away with part of the trouble.

What is needed is an antiseptic washable

QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

which really solves the vexing problem

It fully protects the mattress and adds to its life.

Excelsior Quilted Mattress Protectors are made of two pieces of heavy bleached white muslin, both sides quilted with dainty snow-white wadding of the best grade between. Soft, springy, sanitary.

Wash easily without losing their light, fluffy texture.

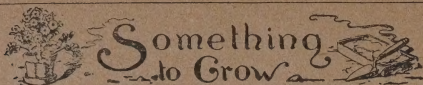
Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes



EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

When you write advertisers please mention **CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS**



GARDEN MEDICINE

LAST month I told you about the ways to kill the bugs that wanted to eat up your garden, and what to feed each kind of bug. This month I will tell you how to prepare the four kinds of medicine.

Pyrethrum: You can use any of the three kinds of this. Before you sprinkle it on the plants, mix it with three parts of flour. Dust it on the leaves when they are wet, so the mixture will stick.

Tobacco water: Buy a half pound of the cheapest ground tobacco, and pour over it two quarts of boiling water. Let it cool, fill a syringe with it and spray the plants. If you haven't a syringe, dip a whisk-broom in the mixture and shake it over the plants.

White hellebore: Just be sure it is fresh. Sprinkle it over the leaves of the plants when they are wet.

Soap and water: Cut a quarter of a pound of Ivory Soap into thin pieces, pour a quart of water over it and set it on the stove to dissolve. When dissolved, put it in a wash-boiler and add five gallons of water. Syringe the plants with this, or dip them into it.

In August you can pot Easter lilies if you want them to bloom at Christmas, and in the garden you can sow crocus, snowdrop and scilla bulbs.

Something Other
Readers Have
Written

THE prize story for this month was written by Ethel R. Crowley of New York. The prize poem is the work of Mabel Martin of Petaluma, California.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel R. Crowley.

There was an Indian Chief, named Wa-Wa, who had a lovely little daughter. Her name was Honeysuckle, and she was so beautiful that everybody in her father's tribe loved her, although she was only four years old.

One day some white men came, and were treated very kindly by the Indians, but instead of being grateful, they took the Indians' land and shot the Indians who tried to prevent them.

So Chief Wa Wa called together all his tribe and waged war on the white men. The Indians put on their war paint and drove the white men away, but when the battle was over, Honeysuckle had disappeared.

Wa Wa thought the white men had taken her, so he went after the white men and captured them; but she was not with them.

Now, a brave of Wa Wa's tribe had taken Honeysuckle to another tribe until the battle was over, but he had been killed, and the other Indians had moved away and taken Honeysuckle with them, because they did not know that the dead brave was not her own father.

One day a brave of Wa Wa's tribe saw a message carved on a tree, that said: "Honeysuckle has been taken to the nearest village." So the brave went to the village, but it was deserted.

For eight years Honeysuckle was very happy with the other Indians. She thought the chief of that tribe was her father.

One day Wa Wa was walking in the forest when he met a brave of another tribe, who told him about Honeysuckle. Wa Wa thought she must be his own daughter, so he went to visit the Chief of the other tribe, and the Chief told him her story. When he saw her, Wa Wa knew that she was his own Honeysuckle.

And so they were very happy, and Wa Wa married one of her own father's tribe and lived happily until the Great Spirit took her away.

TO THE ROBIN

By Mabel Martin.

"Cheery, Cheery, Cheery,"

Soft and sweet and clear!

Robin's come! Robin's come!

Now the spring is here!

Swinging high, swinging low

On the apple tree!

Hear him sing, loud and clear,

Caroling with glee.



A PARCEL POST PICNIC

IF you have a nice lawn, or a good picnicing place, and a birthday in August, do try a Parcel Post Party.

Wrap all the necessary things for the party in colored papers, and paste cancelled stamps on the packages, with a tag bearing the name of a guest. Be sure to have a package for each person who will be at the party. Put all the packages in a basket, and get a boy who has a cart to play Parcel Postman. If he has a Scout uniform, so much the better. Set bare tables and chairs on the lawn.

Have the first package brought in the cart to the host or hostess, with the request that she sign her name in the Parcel Postman's little blank book, beside the name of the article. The first package should contain a crepe paper table-cloth and napkins. While she is putting it on the table, the next package should be signed for, by a guest and should contain plates, of paper or wood. The third package should contain spoons, and the rest sandwiches, paper cups, candies, lemonade in jars, and a big handbox with the birthday cake in it directed to the one whose birthday it is. Last of all the Parcel Postman should bring up a freezer of ice cream tagged "For the Party."

Until you have tried this party you won't guess what a good time everybody will have, because the party will have belonged a little bit to all of them.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXIII

AUGUST, 1920

No. 10

FANNY FRECKLE-FACE

BY MAZIE V. CARUTHERS



"I WISH SOME KIND FAIRY WOULD
MAKE ME ALL OVER!"

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a big, comfortable house with the kindest father and mother in the world, and a fat, good-natured Hannah-cook, who baked her delicious gringer-bread men with currant eyes, whenever she wanted them. Fanny Page was her name, and she had several pets, plenty of interesting books, and a whole family of dolls, and would have been perfectly happy except for two things—her hair and freckled face!

She did so long to be pretty that sometimes she couldn't help crying when she thought of her red hair and her freckles. Then, too, big brother Tom teased her by calling her "Freckle-face" and "Carrot-top," and that made matters even worse. And so it was, that Fanny was often a very discontented little girl.



THERE STOOD A BEAUTIFUL SHINING LADY

One night, she stood before her mirror, ready for bed, and wished out loud what she thought most of the time: "Oh! if I only had fluffy yellow curls and a fair complexion like Marie Louise, next door! I do wish some kind fairy would make me all over, and change me into a beautiful child. How fine it would be to get rid of my horrid hair and freckles!"

But of course, such wishes were of no use, and with a discouraged sigh poor Fanny blew out her candle and jumped into bed. It was warm and snug under the blankets, and the room was very quiet and dark; Fanny felt sleepy and dreamy—when, all of a sudden, the whole place glowed with a curious light, and there, right by her pillow, stood a beautiful, shining lady, dressed in filmy white robes, and wearing a pair of delicate, gauzy wings which seemed to grow out of her shoulders. She carried a star-tipped wand, and a bigger and brighter star gleamed on her forehead. She was a very wonderful sight. Fanny gazed at her in surprise, but, before she could say a



MOTHER PAGE GAVE HER A STRANGE LOOK

word, the lovely stranger introduced herself as Fairy Good-Looks.

"I was flying past your open window to pay a visit to my friend, Lady Moon," she smiled, "just as you wished out loud to be made pretty. Now I can change you so that your own mother would not know you, if you'd like me to."

"Oh, will you?" Fanny's face beamed with delight. "Dear Fairy Good-Looks, I'd be the happiest girl in the world, if I could only get rid of my freckles and my red hair.

Fairy Good-Looks laughed softly, and her bright eyes sparkled. "You shall have your wish, dear child. If being pretty will make you happy, then pretty you shall be!" With that, she touched Fanny's hair and cheeks with her golden wand three times, singing this queer little song, as she did so:

"Red hair, change to yellow gold!
Freckles vanish, quickly fade!
Little Fanny then shall be,
From henceforth, a pretty maid!"

Then, giving Fanny no chance to ask a question, or even say thank-you, the fairy vanished as mysteriously as she had come. For a long time Fanny scarcely



SHE BURST INTO TEARS AND RAN UP-STAIRS

dared move; she could hardly believe such glad news. But finally, she gained courage to jump out of bed and glance in the big mirror. Oh, what a delightful surprise!

Instead of a freckled, red-haired child, she now saw herself changed into a beautiful little girl with fair pink cheeks and



"WHAT TROUBLES MOTHER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER?"

the very fluffiest golden hair you could imagine! She just had to pinch herself to make sure it was all true.

"Oh, *how* pretty I am!" Her heart beat a regular tat-too for gladness. "I'd never know myself. Wasn't Fairy Good-Looks a dear to make me so lovely!" Of course, she wanted to show herself to Father and Mother, right away, and even to Brother Tom, who teased her so badly. "One thing certain, Tom can't call me 'Freckles,' or 'Carrot Top' ever again," she thought happily. Running down stairs, three steps at a time, she greeted her mother, who was crossing the hall.

"Good morning, Mother dear!" Mother Page gave her a

strange look, and instead of the usual morning kiss, just held out her hand, saying pleasantly, "Good morning, my child! And who may you be? Are you a stranger in the neighborhood, or one of Fanny's little school friends, whom I do not know? I'm sure you have never been here before."

At that, Fanny was greatly amused. "Why, Mother, don't you understand? I'm your own Fanny. Fairy Good-Looks felt so sorry because of my red hair and freckles, that she changed me last night, into a pretty little girl."

But Mother Page didn't seem to understand. "Oh, no, dear! You aren't my little daughter. You have made a mistake. This is not your home, and never has been. Tell me something about yourself and where you really live, and Fanny's father shall take you home in the automobile, for your own mother will be getting worried."

"But, Mother, indeed I am your little girl!" cried Fanny. "I've only been changed and made pretty; that's all!" Just then, Tom came whistling into the room, and stopped short. "Wheew! Who is this lovely little lady?" he asked, bowing very courteously.

Fanny smiled, though feeling a trifle uneasy. "Now, Tom Page, no more joking! Don't make believe you don't know me, the way Mother is doing! I'm Fanny, of course!"

"Fanny!" Tom gave a hearty boy-laugh. "Nonsense! My sister Fanny is a jolly, little, red-headed kiddy, freckled at that, while you are like a beautiful big doll. You can't fool me that way!"

Father Page who strolled in about then, said almost the same thing, while as for Hannah, she stopped making muffins in the kitchen long enough to poke her head in the door, and chuckle the way fat people do. "Go 'long, chile! You can't fool us into thinking you're little Fanny with her big yaller freckles 'n red hair! No, indeedy, you can't!"

Kind Father Page began to feel somewhat worried over this queer child who insisted she was his daughter, and tried to find out more about her. "Tell us who you really are, dear, and where your family lives," he begged.



"HELLO, CARROT TOP! HOW IS MISS FRECKLES, THIS MORNING?"

Poor Fanny stood looking at them, so frightened and oh, so forlorn! What good did it do her to be pretty, if her own folks couldn't recognize her?

At last, as they continued their questions, she burst into tears, and ran upstairs to her room, crying; "Oh, *please* dear Fairy Good-Looks, change me back again into freckle-faced Fanny! I don't care how red you make my hair, or how awful my freckles look. My very own family don't know me any longer, and I'm so unhappy! Boo-hoo!"

She cried, and cried, and *cried*—and then, much to her amazement—woke up, and found she was in her own bed, weeping bitterly over what had been only a very bad dream! In a minute, the door opened, and Mother came hurrying in. "What is the matter, Fanny darling? What troubles Mother's little daughter?"

Fanny clung to her. "Mother, I've had such a horrible dream! I thought Fairy Good-Looks changed me into a pretty little girl because I hated my freckles and hair so, and after that—you and Father, and Tom, and even Hannah didn't know me. It was awful! Boo-hoo! Oh, Mother! Tell me if I'm really your own little girl!"

Mother Page gave her a good hug. "Of course, you are, dear! Look in your glass and see for yourself! And now, don't worry any more about the freckles; they will all clear away as you grow older, and as for your hair, see how long and wavy it is! In a few years you may be very proud of its pretty color. Now dry your eyes and come to breakfast! Unless I'm much mistaken, Hannah has some fine plump pop-overs waiting for you!"

Fanny looked at herself timidly in the glass, and drew a long sigh of relief, so glad to see that she hadn't changed over night. She was even thankful for every freckle, and each ruddy hair seemed precious. And when Tom greeted her at breakfast as usual with, "Hello, Carrot Top! How is Miss Freckles this morning?" she just smiled happily, and helped herself to another pop-over.

"What do I care how I look, if my family all love me?" she thought. "I'd rather be Mother's homely little girl than anyone else in the world."

And Fairy Good-Looks, who had been listening all this time to see how things were going (though nobody saw her, for we never *do* see fairies), smiled and flew away.

WHAT A SHAME!

THEY told me I must go to school
 To learn my "A. B. C.,"
 I studied very hard indeed,
 Till I knew it perfectly;
 I thought, of course, that they were *all*,
 Those little letters three—
 And how I felt no tongue can tell
 When they took me up to "Z"!

Jennie Betts Hartswick



SUSANNE WAS AFRAID THE PIGGIES WOULD GET HER PENNY

BY MARJORIE CANDEE

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who lived on a large farm with her grandmother. Her name was Susanne. Every day, her grandmother would say, "Here is a penny, Susanne! You may run down to the store and buy yourself some rock-candy."

So little Susanne would go down the path, over the fence, through the gate, past the meadow, to the store, and buy some pretty pink rock-candy.

One day, when Susanne came to the gate near the meadow, she saw two men bringing some little pigs with them. The piggies said, "Oof, oof, oof!" Susanne was afraid the piggies would get her penny, so she dug a little hole under the rose-bush by the gate, and put her penny in the hole. Then she went home without any pink rock-candy that day.

Every day, the piggies would be in the meadow, so little Susanne would put her penny in the hole.

Once when she went down to the gate, she saw some men coming to take the piggies away to market. After they had gone, Susanne took a penny from the hole and went to the store.

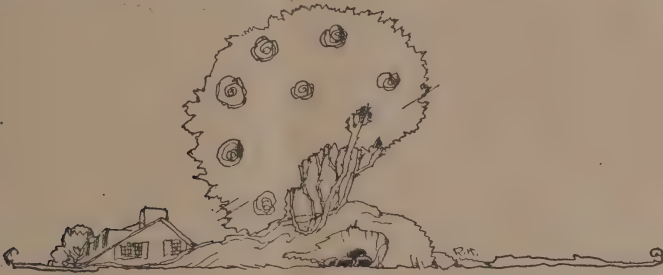
The next day Susanne's grandmother said, as usual, "Here is a penny, Susanne, you may go to the store and buy some candy."

"I have some pennies, Grandmother," answered Susanne.

"Where are the pennies?" inquired her grandmother. "Show them to me."

So little Susanne and her grandmother went down to the gate. When grandmother saw the pennies in the hole, she said, "You can come here every day and get a penny to buy some rock-candy. The piggies have gone away, so they can't get your pennies."

And every day Susanne took a penny from the hole. And the nicest part was that there were *always* pennies in the hole under the rose-bush by the gate. Now how do you suppose that could have happened?



A RIDDLE RHYME

BY day, by night,
We come, we go,
With sound, and with light,
With rain and with snow;

We rainbows wear,
And heaven we roam;
We live in the air
Yet the sea's our home.

Charles Stuart Pratt



SHE LOOKED TOWARD THE BASKET WHERE PUFF AND SNUFF LAY

FLUFF FINDS A PLAYFELLOW

BY ABIGAIL BURTON

I WANT something to play," said Fluff. She looked toward the basket, where Puff and Snuff lay curled into two round little balls. Such cozy balls, all made up of fur—that is, all that wasn't *purr!* But so dreadfully sleepy!

"There's no playing with them," Fluff decided.

She trotted up the walk, glancing back, of course, to see that her tail was following. On the lawn the sprinkler stood sprinkling away. It threw gay, flashing drops into the sunlight, where they curved and fell into rainbows. Fluff scampered to catch the drops. But they changed into water, and wouldn't stay drops at all! And they were so surprisingly wet!

"There's no playing with *them*," Fluff decided.

On the porch she found a big black spider, spinning a web. He had big black eyes, too. But he was so *very* cross-looking about the mouth! Fluff was afraid he might bite!

"There's no playing with him," Fluff decided.

At the open window the curtains moved gently in the breeze. Fluff sprang upon the sill, and clung by her sharp little claws to the curtains. They made a beautiful swing! Back and forth—

when Fluff lost her hold and tumbled, paws-over-tail, on the living-room floor.

"They might have broken my nose," said Fluff indignantly. "Isn't there *anything* that knows how to play?"

And with that she saw the piano!

Now the piano was made for playing. To be sure it was big and grand and dignified-looking. (They *called* it a grand, you know.) But every day it played with Emily. So why shouldn't it play with a frisky, frolicsome, full-of-fun little Fluff?

Fluff arched her back and rubbed against the piano. She crouched and pounced and waved her paws and her funny bit of a tail. She hid behind the bench and sprang out to frighten the piano—only of course it was just pretend. She wouldn't *really* have frightened it for the world.

But the piano would not play!

"Perhaps it's waiting for me to sing," thought Fluff.

So Fluff sat upon the bench and sang the softest and the prettiest song ~~that~~ she knew.

"Purr, purr, purr-r-r-r!" sang Fluff.

But the piano would not play—not the least little bit!

"My *inside* voice is so little," thought Fluff. "I must sing with my *outside* voice."

So Fluff stood upon the bench and sang the loudest and the dashingest song that she knew.

"Meow, meow, me-o-o-o-w!" sang Fluff.

And *still* the piano would not play!

"You *cross* old thing," cried Fluff.

And she struck the piano with her paw—only of course it was just pretend. She wouldn't really have hurt it for the world.

That made the piano play, I can tell you!



THE PIANO ANSWERED

"Oh, you *dear* old thing," cried delighted little Fluff.

She touched the piano again, and again the piano answered. It was full of play, that piano. Though such a queer sound as it made! *I* think it was laughing at Fluff, don't you?



"NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY FLUFF!"

Fluff hopped upon the keys and began running up and down. The faster she went, the faster the piano played. When she stopped, it stopped also. Then away they both went more merrily than ever.

"It doesn't sound a bit the way it sounds with Emily," thought Fluff. "They play so slowly! Our game is much jollier, and— Ouch! My!

For the game stopped. And Fluff found herself lifted off

the keyboard and held at arm's length by Emily.

"Naughty, naughty Fluff," said Emily. "Don't you know you hurt the piano?"

Fluff wriggled and twisted and tried to tell Emily that nobody was hurt. Why, they were just playing!

But Emily didn't seem to understand. She shook a forefinger at Fluff—oh, in such a *reproving* fashion! and said she must never, never do so again. Then Emily cuddled Fluff close—oh, in such a *comfortable* fashion! and carried her to the window, and dropped her gently on the porch.

Right in the edge of the spider's web! It was dreadfully careless of Emily! Fluff hopped out of there in a hurry, I can tell you. And not in too much of a hurry, for the spider came running. And the cross look about his mouth looked so decidedly crosser! Oh, there's no doubt he wanted to bite!

But he didn't! For Fluff scurried down those porch steps and went racing around the house. And she ran right into Puff, who came tearing up the path from the barn. So they came to a stop by throwing their paws about each other.

"Oh, Fluff," panted Puff. "Don't you want to play something?"

"Oh, Puff," panted Fluff. "I've *been* playing something!"



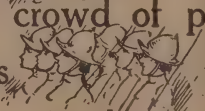
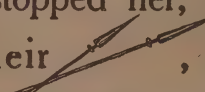
KEEPING THE RULES

I'D like to see the man who took
 The pains to make the spelling-book,
 And ask why words are so contrary
 There, and in the dictionary;
 Why d-e-w is "du,"
 And n-e-w is "nu,"
 While s-e-w is "so,"
 I certainly would like to know!
 Then r-o-u-g-h is "ruff,"
 And t-o-u-g-h is "tuff,"
 But d-o-u-g-h is "doe"—
 Now tell me, pray, why is that so?
 And will not someone tell me how
 P-l-o-u-g-h is "plow?"
 For if poor little boys at school
 Are strictly made to keep the rule,
 I think the book-keepers should be
 Just as particular as we!

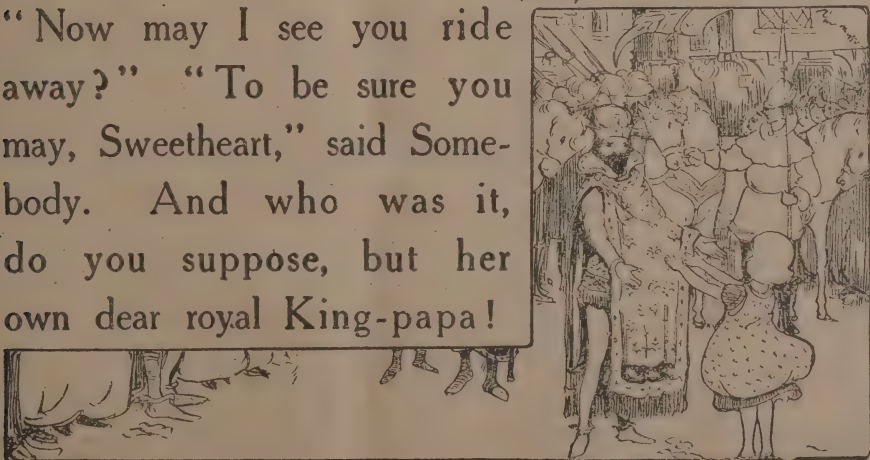
Zitella Cocke.

Somebody and the Princess.



TARAN-TARA! ^X the  were blowing and the  were flying, for the King of Patakia was going a-riding at the head of his soldiers. How gay it was out in the Palace Park! Every  was jumping for joy and every  had a bright  on his forehead and a great crowd of people had come to see the  and his  ride away. Now the little  was up in the royal nursery in the very oldest of her two hundred and seventeen  and a big  when she heard the  blowing "Taran-tara!" "I want to see my King-papa ride away!" she cried, and off she ran down the . The tall guards ought to have stopped her, but they were too busy polishing up their , and the pages ought to have stopped her, but they were too busy peeping out of the , and the cook and the kitchen-maids ought to have stopped her, but they were too busy making  and , and she ran right out of the back  and down into the Park and dear, dear, in a minute she was in

the middle of the crowd and she was so little
 she couldn't see a thing! "I want to see my
 King-papa ride away!" she cried. But she didn't
 have on her little gold  and nobody knew
 her in her big  and the oldest of her two
 hundred and seventeen . So they pushed
 her and jostled her---dear, dear, what a sad way
 to treat a little ! But, Taran-tara! Some-
 body was riding through the Park, Somebody
 with a gold  and an ermine collar and a
 great gold  around his neck, and he saw the
 in the middle of the crowd and jumped
 off his  and lifted her up in his strong 
 and set her on his shoulder, and all the people
 shouted, "Long live  Maud!" "Oh, you
 dear Somebody!" cried the , hugging him.
 "Now may I see you ride
 away?" "To be sure you
 may, Sweetheart," said Some-
 body. And who was it,
 do you suppose, but her
 own dear royal King-papa!





FROM A HOLE NEAR THE TOP A GRAY FORM GLIDED, BACKING DOWN THE TRUNK
TAIL FIRST

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

CHAPTER V.—THE NAUGHTY COUSINS

TWINKLY EYES, the little black bear, studied the tracks that criss-crossed the rim of Lone Lake.

Beside the foot-prints of his own fat little hind feet, so like the print a human child might make, were tinier prints, as like his own as his were like his mother's. These tinier bear-like foot-prints, he knew, were those of his cousin Lotor, the raccoon.

Lotor must have moved into some near-by tree, handy to the fishing-grounds, and knowing his habit of sleeping all day and fishing all night, Twinkly Eyes decided to watch when the moon came up and see where Lotor was making his new home.

So he chased his wee-bit tail awhile, and dug for violet roots; then he, too, went to sleep in a naked tree-top, where he could snooze in the April sunshine, rocked by every little breeze,—though with one ear open, ready to hear the slightest sign of

danger. But there was nowhere anything more alarming than blue sky and bird calls, and the odor of new young grass. For most wood folk wait till night to go hunting.

That evening, just before the great honey-colored disc of the moon rose from behind the east ridge of Mount Olaf, Twinkly Eyes hid himself behind two trees that grew close together, between which he could survey the lake shore.

Soon there was a movement in the top of an old chestnut tree, and from a hole near the top a gray form glided, backing down the trunk tail first.

"Cousin Lotor," Twinkly told himself.

He was followed by a second furry form—the new Mrs. Lotor—who backed down the tree, swinging her head from side to side just the way Mother Black Bear always did, as she tried to see on all sides at once.

The two 'coons made straight for Clam Point, a neck of the lake where fresh-water clams were plentiful—so plentiful, in fact, that a little colony of musk-rats had built their mud tepees all along the bank.

Lotor led the way to the clam bank, his fluffy, fox-like tail showing its dark rings in the moonlight, and the black patch across his eyes making his pointed little face look as if it wore a burglar's mask. They made a handsome pair.

They walked with the swaying motion of the bear tribe, showing their kinship in their arching hips.

Twinkly wished he were as clever at finding clams as they were. His mouth watered as he watched them feasting.

Clever as monkeys with their hand-like fore-paws, Lotor and his mate began a search of the clam beds, sitting down to eat their find with their backs against a log so that no one could surprise them from behind. They pried the shells apart, picking out the juicy morsel and eating with one fore-paw.

If a clam was hard to open, they hammered it on a rock in a surprisingly human fashion. But what surprised Twinkly Eyes the most—for he had never watched them quite so close before—was that they washed each bi-valve by sousing it up and down in the water.

"Well, I declare," said the little black bear. "I thought our family was the only one civilized enough to wash our clams. Mother always insisted that we wash the sand and mud from our clams when we had them, but I didn't suppose Cousin Lotor had so much sense."

"Hello, there!" he called presently, shuffling out into a patch of moonlight.

"Hello, yourself!" chorused the clam diggers, in their queer



"WE WASH EVERYTHING," SAID MRS. LOTOR, "WE ARE THE ONLY
WOOD FOLKS THAT DO, TOO."

little voices, like the whinny of a colt, looking up at him.

"Are you thinking of making your home here for the summer?" asked Twinkly Eyes in his pleasantest little whine. But Mrs. Lotor only gave her husband a look that as good as said, "Don't tell!"

"Our home is already decided upon," said Lotor cautiously. "But the missus, here, has decided to keep it a secret." And Twinkly remembered that there would probably be baby 'coons, if there weren't already.

"But you don't mind my knowing!" begged the little black bear.

"A secret is a secret," Mrs. Lotor smiled mysteriously. "I know you're a vegetarian, except for mice and fish and doodle-bugs, but—well, we've just simply made it a rule not to tell anyone at all—not even you, Cousin Twinkly Eyes."

The little black bear smiled craftily, as he thought of the hollow chestnut tree. "It would only worry them if they knew I know," he decided. "And of course I wouldn't touch one of the baby 'coons for anything on earth. But it *will* be fun to watch that tree, after the 'coon cubs get big enough to be taken fishing."

He decided to change the subject before he gave his own secret away.

"I see you are particular about washing your clams," he remarked sociably.

"*We wash everything,*" said Mrs. Lotor. "We're the only wood folk that do, too. I wouldn't let one of my children eat even a frog without washing it thoroughly first."

"Ha!" said the little black bear to himself, his eyes twinkling more than ever. "So there are children in that hollow chestnut tree!"

Twinkly used to watch every night after that for a glimpse of the baby 'coons. But they were still too young to leave home. He did see something else, though, that filled him with amazement.

This swampy part of the lake, that looked so quiet by day, was the busiest place you can imagine after dark. Out of each of those muskrat houses, that looked so much like tiny haystacks—sticks and grass plastered together with mud—would come a whole family of these water rats.

They would appear suddenly, popping out of the secret doorways, which were as often as not under water. They were funny, mouse-like fellows, about a foot long, not counting their tails, which were flat and very handy in steering their way when they swam. Their feet were webbed like a duck's, which made them expert swimmers.

Their favorite food seemed to be the little clams that Lotor loved. But instead of eating each one as they found it, they had a way of gathering a large pile and hiding it greedily under a stone, or perhaps in a hollow stump, so that even if they had more than they could eat themselves, no one could share them.

Then Twinkly opened his eyes in surprise. Clever Lotor had been searching hungrily along the bank. Now, suddenly, he came upon one of these hoards.

"Come on," he whinnied Mrs. Lotor.

"Hurray! I'm going to have some, too," the little black bear told himself.

But when the angry rats discovered the way they had been made to share their surplus, Lotor had disappeared, and of course Twinkly Eyes got all the blame!

(To be continued)

THE FRECKLED BOY

A BOY—without freckles? —a trout without spots?—
 A butterfly's wing without feathers or dots?
 Poor child, all unspattered with nature's brown stain,
 Run out when the wind blows, and face sun and rain!

No boy is all boy without tan on his nose,
 And freckles and scratches from forehead to toes!
 His smile should be seen every hour in the day,
 For freckles and smiles go together, I say.

And don't be ashamed if a dimple remains!
 Just cover it up with the tan and the stains;
 There's nothing so fine in the whole realm of art
 As a freckle set down in a dimple's sweet heart.

Paul Pastnor

THE MERRY AMERICANS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK



CURLED UP UNDER THE APPLE-TREE

IT was eleven o'clock in the morning. Betsey and Violet were out-doors, preparing for their eighth Good American lesson.

"Mother said we could have our lesson at three o'clock," said Betsey curling up under the apple-tree.

"I'll begin," said Violet. "One man alone would find it hard to build a house, or a bridge."

"I will do my part in whatever work I do with others," added Betsey promptly.

"As we learn better how to work together," said two deep voices over the hedge, "our country is made better."

"Come over, Patrick O'Moore!" called Betsey.

And in a moment both Patrick and Peter were under the apple-tree.

Just then they heard the purr of a motor-car in front of the big house. Then they heard the front door-bell. Then they heard the soft voice of the silver bell that Mother rang whenever she wanted Betsey.

Betsey and Violet got up at once and-skipped to the back piazza. The Patriotic Pair followed loyally. Mother was there with just a tiny frown between her eyes.

"Children, we have *seven* extra people to dinner. I haven't time to talk about it, but you'll have to do exactly as I say, or we won't have any dinner. We *were* going to have a picnic

dinner, as Father is away, but we'll have to change our plans. Cousin Margaret will tell you what to do, for I must stay with the guests."

Cousin Margaret came hurrying through the dining-room, and pushed Mother gently toward the library.

"We'll work as *one man*, children," she declared, buttoning Violet's little apron down the back. "I'll call off the orders just as they do at a fire!"

"It's ready I am for orders," said Norah, smiling.

"All right! Betsey, you may arrange the lettuce on the salad plates. Violet may crack these nuts."

"I'll run to the garden and get the lettuce," offered Patrick excitedly.

"Good!" said Cousin Margaret, looking relieved. "Get some fine red tomatoes for the salad, too."

Soon the kitchen was humming with work. Everyone worked quietly and quickly. The boys brought the lettuce. Betsey washed it and arranged it on the green plates.

Cousin Margaret sliced the tomatoes.

Norah whipped up the salad dressing and poured it on top. Violet sprinkled on the grated nuts.

The Patriotic Pair set the pretty plates in the refrigerator. The salad was done!

"Boys!" called Cousin Margaret in her fire-chief's voice. "Chip the ice! Violet, wash the ice-cream freezer! Betsey, squeeze a lemon!"

Cousin Margaret herself mixed the strawberry syrup, and Norah and the boys took turns at the crank. The sherbet was complete.

Meanwhile Cousin Margaret was cutting up the chickens intended for Sunday. Norah broiled them.

Betsey peeled the potatoes.

Violet scraped the tiny carrots.

Norah ground the coffee.

"Now for the dining-room," said Cousin Margaret. "Norah, sweep! Betsey, get the best tablecloth! Violet, get some flowers for the centerpiece!"

"Mother and I will have to sit down with the guests, but you children will have to wait," said Cousin Margaret slowly.

"We don't care," said Betsey and Violet together. "We will help Norah serve the things in the kitchen."

"That is lovely of you," declared Cousin Margaret. And she really thought so, because the rosy sherbet looked rather tempting to even a grown-up girl.



"I WAS JUST ALMOST STARVED!" SAID BETSEY

The dinner went off smoothly. Violet and Betsey got the trays ready for Norah to take in.

At last, when the little coffee cups had gone in, the children drew five chairs up to the kitchen table and began their own dinner. It was after two o'clock. When Betsey took the last spoonful of her sherbet, she sighed happily, and said, "I was just almost *starved!*"

"I don't wonder," said a pleasant voice behind her. And there stood one of the "company," an old gentleman with twinkly blue eyes.

"I'd like to take this party of Good Americans for a ride this afternoon," he said. "Your mother has finally told us where this fairy dinner came from. We want *all* of you to

come—" here he bowed to Norah. "The dishes can wait."

The children wriggled happily out of their aprons, and into their long linen coats. And Betsey fastened Norah's right over her black dress and frilled apron. They piled into the car with



BETSEY FASTENED NORAH'S COAT

the twinkly-eyed gentleman and rolled away.

"I understand you were going to have a lesson at three o'clock," said their new friend. "But I'd like to have you think over your morning's work. Then see if you think you need a lesson on Team-Work!"

The children laughed delightedly. Evidently the old gentleman had learned a good deal about the dinner.

"For instance," went on their new friend, "who made the salad?"

Betsey looked at Violet. Violet looked at Peter.

"We all did," said Patrick.

"Exactly!" agreed the old man.

"And you all made the sherbet, didn't you? And didn't I hear just a little laughing through the doors?"

"Shure, ye did, sir," said Norah. "Whin the children get to working, they always get to laughing, sir."

"It's a good thing," declared the old man. "Doesn't your rule say you agree to work cheerfully?"

"There's another thing, too, that I noticed," said Violet timidly. "It says in the rule, 'I will keep my tools in order.' And I noticed Norah's dishes were all in order, so she could tell us exactly where to look."

"*Very good*" said the old man, smiling at Norah. "As for a lesson on team-work—shucks! I should say your eighth lesson was pretty well learned."

In about a week, the mail-man left a package addressed to the Merry Americans. There was another addressed to the Patriotic Pair. Betsey's was a large square box with a pattern traced on it. And inside that was a complete outfit for burning wood.

"What I've *wanted* and *wanted*!" sang Betsey.

When Violet had removed the tissue papers she discovered a gigantic paint-box with ten brushes and every shade of water color you can imagine.

"Don't you know, Betsey Avery, how I have wished for a beautiful paint-box?" she demanded.

And then in came the Patriotic Pair. Peter had a complete outfit for soldering, with long thin sticks of solder, brushes, acid, and a little blow furnace. Patrick had a set of wood-carving tools with wood already stamped in beautiful designs.

Each box contained the old gentleman's card with this written in a shaky hand, "To somebody who keeps his tools in order."

"He sent us each what we have wanted for a long time," said Violet.

Which proves that Mother must have mentioned something else that day besides the fairy dinner.

(To be continued)



THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER II.—WHAT BEE BROWN WANTED MOST

COME on and see the drums! Of course you can't have a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey," said Billy Boy impatiently.

The monkey with the yellow cap suddenly threw himself into a swing of jump-ropes that hung above a long table covered with toys. As he swung he seized a little tin trumpet from the table and blew it, puffing out his hairy cheeks until his head looked like a very queer toy balloon.

Then he suddenly leaped from the jump-rope swing to the back of a toy elephant. The elephant was on wheels and it started off when the monkey alighted on its back. As it went on down the long table it started other smaller toys, also on wheels—woolly lambs and striped tigers, Shetland ponies hitched to jaunty wagons, a whole company of mounted soldiers, many tin roosters and a donkey the very image of Carrots.

Many of the toys were so made that when they began to move they began to make noises, too; and such a baa-ing and growling and neighing and braying was never heard before! And above all the din sounded the cockadoodle-doo of a great red and green tin rooster, as large as the elephant. The monkey blew his trumpet as he rode along and caught an American flag from a wooden soldier and waved it. And it was a very funny procession, until it began to wobble around a little and to get mixed up with toys that could not go.

The soldiers rolled off the table, the lamb ran over the tiger, the tin rooster was jammed under the wooden donkey, and the elephant, with the monkey riding him, ran into a beautiful china milkmaid and broke off the basket of eggs that she held upon her head.

Even Billy Boy had forgotten all about the drum that he was going to buy, and he cheered the monkey while Bee hopped up and down with delight at the fun.

But the monkey's master didn't think it was fun, especially



"YOU LIKE-A BUY?" SAID THE MONKEY'S MASTER

when he saw the broken milkmaid he would have to pay for.

He seized the poor monkey and beat and cuffed him without mercy.

"Oh, don't! don't!" cried Bee. "How can you, when he is so lovely!" She stroked the monkey, that had tears in his eyes and was uttering babyish cries. "Oh, Billy Boy, if we only had him at home he would keep us from being lonesome!"

"I rather think he would," said Billy Boy. "But then, we never are lonesome, you know."

For there were a good many of the Browns, big and little, in the Brown house, or in the Brown barn, or on the Brown lawn, so that there was always something going on.

"Besides, we're going to have Polly for a visit, by-and-by, and I don't think that she and the monkey would get along together very well," added Billy Boy. Polly was a parrot, a very talented bird, that Billy Boy once owned for a little while and that he sometimes borrowed to make things lively.

"And you couldn't have him anyway. How could you get him?" When Billy Boy said that, Bee's fingers tightened their clasp around the plump little purse in her pocket. The money which had been in her pink-and-green codfish bank was her very own. She meant to buy a doll for the fair and dolls were very well in their places, of course; but what, oh, what was a thing made of wood and wax, even although it could open and shut its eyes and say "Mama," compared to this fascinating little living creature that had tears in its eyes and looked as if it could love you!

"You like-a buy?" asked the monkey's Italian master eagerly.

The two Italians had brought their hurdy-gurdies back to to toy manufactory, where they had bought them, hoping that they could return them and get the money they had paid for them, because they wished to go home to Italy.

One man was allowed to return his hurdy-gurdy, but the other's was said to be too much worn to be taken back.

"I sell cheap-y-cheap-y," said the man, pointing to his hurdy-gurdy and gazing at the plump little purse which Bee had, by this time, taken from her pocket.

"Buy monk! Buy monk!" cried both the men. The man with the red-capped monkey stood on one side of Bee, and the man with the hurdy-gurdy and the yellow-capped monkey stood on the other side; and they both looked around to see whether there were any older persons with the children.

Billy Boy drew himself up as tall as he could and tried to look as if he understood business.

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards. I came to buy a drum for the Company. My sister is going to buy a doll for the fair. We haven't any money to spend for hurdy-gurdies or monkeys," he said firmly—although we should like them," he added, lest the feelings of the men should be hurt.

"Oh, we like them very much," said Bee, with a great sigh.

The yellow-capped monkey was pretending to shoulder arms and present arms, and marching about just as if he were a soldier. It really seemed as if he understood that Billy Boy was the captain of the Pekoe Guards.

"He would be a great one for our barn shows!" said Billy Boy longingly. "But I haven't any money of my own."

"I never *promised* to buy a doll for the fair. I should have time to make pretty paper things that would sell for just about as much," said Bee slowly. "And it's my very own money!"

"Ask him how much," said Billy Boy promptly. "I'm here to see that you don't get cheated," he added in a whisper.

"How much for the monkey with the yellow cap?" asked Bee, opening her plump little purse. She was so eager that her voice trembled, and she could feel her heart going pit-a-pat.

(To be continued)

A PARROT FROM SANTO DOMINGO

A PARROT from Santo Domingo,
Once spoke such a horrible lingo,
That when he said, "Please,"
It made every one sneeze,
And drew tears from a red-legged Flamingo!

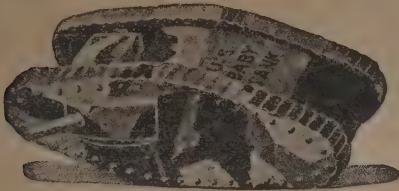


THE FAIRIES' WASH

Verse and picture by Florence White Williams

Did you ever notice
On a sunny summer morn
Some little webs all dewy bright
Your pretty lawn adorn?

Has anybody told you
How they chanced to be out there?
They are the fairies' linens
Hung out to get the air.



MINIATURE WAR TANK

This is the cutest war toy we have ever seen; a real miniature of a war tank. It's only about two inches long and goes along at a pace corresponding with its size. You make it go by first drawing it backward on a flat surface and then putting it down. It just goes along and looks as if it really had a small engine in it to make it go.

Two given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price 30c. each, or two for 50c.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

DO YOU KNOW ANY RELIABLE AGENTS

Who Take Subscriptions to Magazines, but are not Representing Little Folks Magazine?

We will give you a handsome original water-color painting or steel engraving suitable for framing and hanging on the wall of any living room if you send us the name and full address of any such agent.

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MASS.

COLLECT POSTAGE STAMPS

Fascinating and Instructive

100 BEAUTIFUL STAMPS all different, and catalogued at \$5.00 or over with AN ALBUM FOR BEGINNERS. Sent postpaid for \$1.50. (Money order).

Satisfaction Guaranteed

HERMAN E. CASSINO, SALEM, MASS.

CROUP OR WHOOPIING COUGH

PROMPTLY AND SAFELY RELIEVED BY
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION

ALSO IN

BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM

W. EDWARDS & SON

LONDON, ENGLAND.

ALL DRUGGISTS OR

E. FOUGERA & CO.

90-92 BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.C.



THIS QUEEN MODELING BOX

Contains four large cakes of colored Plasteline—the modeling clay that never gets hard, a modeling tool, board, directions for use and lessons in modeling, which show you some things you can model. Modeling is fine rainy-day fun, and Plasteline is never crumbly or mussy, so that Mother would object to your playing with it.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Queen Modeling Box.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

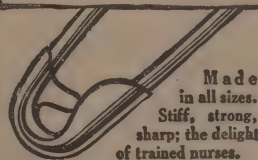
S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

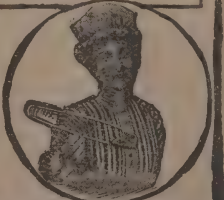
CAPSHEAF The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the
person and for
the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.



Made
in all sizes.
Stiff, strong,
sharp; the delight
of trained nurses.
JUDSON PIN CO., M'f'rs.
Rochester, New York



When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUTDOORS

"FAIRY RINGS"

WHO has not found a "fairy-ring" growing in the grass, and thrilled a bit at the sight of it, imagining the wee folk making merry in the moonlight? Or perhaps you do not believe in fairies? However that may be, this we know to be true: that Mother Nature's helpers do work fine and delicate enough for the tiniest fairy fingers, and other work they do which could not be done without a giant's strength.

Have you ever wondered why mushrooms should grow in a circle? Who planted them in this curious way? Why is each successive circle larger than the last? We must learn first that the seeds of a mushroom are so different from other seeds that they have a special name—spores; and that the mushroom itself is the blossom of an underground plant which resembles a large white cobweb. A single spore is so small that it cannot be seen without a microscope.

Fabre, the French naturalist, explains why mushrooms often grow in circular groups,

which he calls "witches' circles." He tells us that the delicate white veins forming the web-like plant lengthen in the ground to quite a distance from the starting-point, and then

the blossoms burst open their bed of earth and appear above the ground. This explains why they grow in groups.

If the soil is so uniform in character that it does not hinder the growth of the plant in any direction, it spreads equally on all sides and so produces a circular group. This is our "fairy-ring."

William Hamilton Gibson accounts for the increasing size of the circles in this way: Spores are

shed from a single mushroom and many of them fall to the ground around it. But all of the food necessary for new growth has been used by the first mushroom from the soil around its stem. Therefore, only the spores which fell in the outer edge of the circle grow larger as the food in the inner circles is exhausted.

Josephine A. Baker.



THE FAIRIES AND THEIR RING

SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

Lois Greenman, Redfield, S. D., would like to hear from a boy or girl born on the ninth of July.

Eleanor L. Ropps, 1115 Huntoon St., Topeka, Kansas, would like to hear from someone in the locality of Louisville, Ky., or in Arizona.

Christine Sell, North Lima, Ohio, wants a little girl from some other state to write to her.

Marcia Brown, Box F. Cascade, Montana, would like to hear from some little girl eleven years old who lives in China, Porto Rico, or New York.

Rosalind Rinker, twelve years old, New Rockford, N. D., would like to hear from someone her age.

Helen Wallace, Box 675, Eddy St., Greenwich, N. Y., would like to hear from some little girl in Florida.

Theodora Moses would like to hear from a little girl anywhere on the globe, she says. Theodora's address is Box 753, Gilbert, Minn.

Sarah Horton, 1306 Green St., Columbus, S. C., would like to hear from a girl in Washington, as she is going to move there.

Bonnie Kemble, 105 East 60th St., Seattle, Washington, would like a fourteen-year-old correspondent in the Hawaiian Islands or in China.

Helene Langdon, 43 Fowler St., Port Jervis, N. Y., would like to hear from someone in Colo.

Janice Dyer, Pleasantville, Ia., would like to hear from an eleven or twelve-year-old girl in the Hawaiian Islands.

Emily Wilson Baldwin, Box 487, Wilton, N. H., would like to hear from a little girl nine or ten years old, in any state, whose birthday is in January.

Dorothy Whipple, 45 East Central St., Natick, Mass., would like to hear from any little girl who will be eleven years old on June 7, 1920.



SOMETHING TO JOIN

AUGUST—PLAY MONTH

PEGGY had on a pink dress, a pink hair bow and pink socks; and her cheeks were as pink as two pink rosebuds, as she went hop-skippping through the hall and out into the yard.

Father and Mother Grey were spending the day away from home and they would be back at four o'clock, so we were making a surprise party for them. We had made cakes and ordered ice-cream and we were going to have a real party. Peggy is learning to cook and she looks perfectly dear in her cap and apron, when she is stirring up cakes and beating eggs. Peggy says making cake is just like playing a game, seeing if everything will come out as it ought to.

We looked out in the shady yard, and there stood Peggy tying a cord around a tree, while Robin was tying the other end around a post. "Whatever are you doing?" I asked them.

"Fixing our prizes," Peggy called back cheerfully; and so I just went on arranging the flowers on the table and let them plan the games any way they liked. I knew it would be all right because they know so many nice games.

I looked out again in a little while, and Robin was holding up some chicken feathers. I wondered what they were going to play and I hurried through with my work so I could go and find out.

But before I got through, Father and Mother Grey came home, and the big and little neighbors began to come.

When I got there, Peggy had them all ready for the Feather Game. Half of them were on one side of the string and half were on the other. The littlest children were in the front row, near the string, and then came the bigger ones, and finally the grown-ups, behind all the others.

Then Robin very solemnly stood up by the string, held up a downy white feather, puffed out his cheeks and blew the feather up into the air.

Then such a scramble you never saw in your life, for everybody, big and little, had puffed out their cheeks and begun to blow, too. You see, the game was not to let that little white feather fall to the ground on your side of the string.

Father huffed and puffed, Mother huffed and puffed, and all the neighbors huffed and puffed with all their might.

I got so excited that I ran right out there and began to huff and puff, too, as hard as I could; but I couldn't do much for laughing. I had to laugh because some of them looked so fat and funny, with their cheeks all puffed out like that, but I did my very best to keep that little feather from landing on my side of the string.

Then Robin puffed up another feather and another until three of the little white fluffs were flying here and there and everywhere in the air. It kept us working hard at our play to look out for all those little feathers, and each had to do his very best and still be careful not to step on anybody's toes or get in another's way.

Peggy's side won the prize, the first time, and Hugh's side won it the second time, and by that time I had huffed and puffed until I wanted some ice-cream to cool off, so the grown-ups went into the cool dining-room to eat their 'refreshments' and the children had theirs out on the lawn.

Then we had some more games and a happy little sing-song in the moonlight, and everyone went home saying they had had a lovely time.

Then Father Grey said he thought it would be a fine time for us all to write out some good rules for playing games. He started the list with Rule First: *Always play fair.*

Then Mother Grey gave Rule Second: *Try to think of other people and be kind in your play.*

Then I said: "Play as hard as you can, but don't play just to win the game; and please

Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made



A PAPER AEROPLANE

I LIKE to make aeroplanes from paper or light-weight cardboard, so I thought some other little boy readers would like to make them. Here is a pattern of the kind I make. I made it up myself."

That is what Andrew Newcomer, nine years old, wrote a little while ago. Andrew did not give any directions for making his aeroplanes, but the drawings he made were so plain that we just asked the artist to reproduce them. Draw every line twice as long as it is in the picture. In the picture you will see the finished aeroplane, looking just like the fine little red cardboard model Andrew sent. When you have made the aeroplane hold it high up in the air with your right hand and send it spinning. You will almost think a really truly aeroplane is doing nose-dives and other stunts up in the air. And if you want it to fly along, fasten a piece of stout thread in the middle, and run with the plane.

Andrew sent us a model for a sea-plane, also, and perhaps in some other number we shall be able to show you how to make that.

OUR LIBRARY

"Two of my friends and I put our books together and have gotten up a library. I put all my Little Folks together and made a large book. We have two hundred and ten books in our library and our friends come and take them out."

That is what one little girl wrote the Editor last year. If there is no library near you, here is an idea of a way in which you can start one. Cover your books nicely, and I am sure you will find that they will stay in good condition for a long time.

A CORNSTALK HORSE

MY uncle's cook told me how to make a corn-stalk horse, and I'll tell you how. You will need a big corn-stalk and a smaller one, too. You will also need four straight sticks, a smaller stick and a knife.

First take the big corn-stalk, and cut the smaller corn-stalk into a piece about two inches long. Cut a hole in the middle of the little corn-stalk. Then, a little way from each end of the large stalk, cut two holes, one on each side. These are for the four legs. Cut another hole, about a half inch from the end, on top of the large stalk.

In the other four holes you cut in the large stalk, stick the four sticks. Put the smaller stick in the hole in the little stalk, and stick the other end into the hole in the top of the big stalk. Now you have the horse's body; in fact, you have nearly completed the horse.

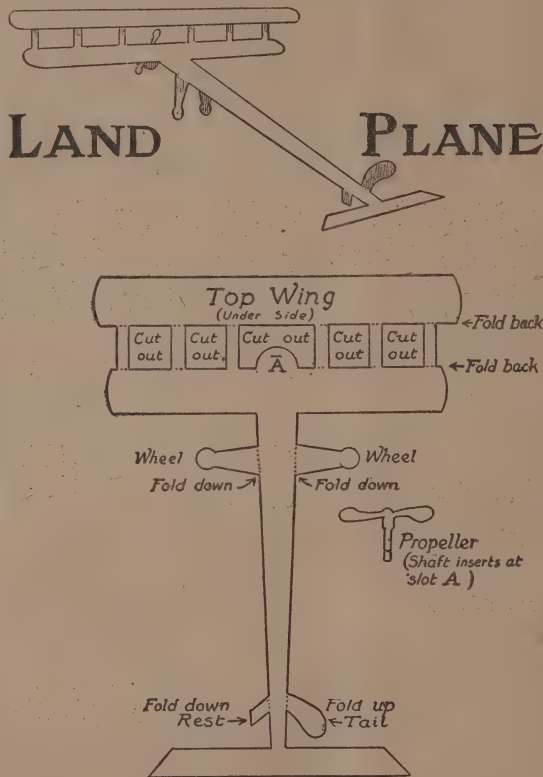
Cut two holes almost to one end of the horse's head, which is the smaller stalk. In these holes stick two little pieces of stick for ears, and a longer stick in a hole in the opposite end of the big stalk for a tail. Corn silk, tied to a short piece of stick which is pushed into this hole will make an even better tail. And there is your corn-stalk horse!

Martha Parker, Asheville, N. C.

A DOLL'S HAT

First take a piece of cardboard cut perfectly round, and cut out a hole in the center big enough to fit the doll's head. Cover this brim with silk or velvet. Then cut a piece of silk or velvet the same size as the brim and gather it around the edge. Sew this in for the crown and put a tiny ribbon or wreath of flowers around it where it is joined. I live at Knight Inlet Cannery, British Columbia. Will somebody please write to me?

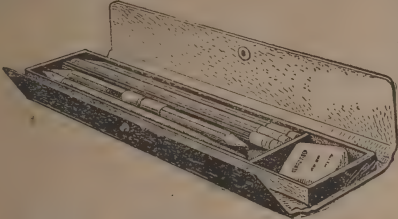
Ruth Rounsfell.



KNIVES AND STATIONERY SETS FOR SCHOOL OR HOME

This **FOUNTAIN PEN** is made of glossy black hard rubber, has a gold-tipped writing pen and writes freely and smoothly. It is a handy thing for school or home use. Any child will enjoy owning this pen.

Given for one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** (not your own) postpaid, cash price 60c.



NOISELESS SCHOLARS' COMPANION

This is a neat, compact companion with several pencils of fine quality, pen and penholder, and one Van Dyke eraser. The case is made of imitation grained leather, and closes with a snap clasp that is noiseless. If you own one of these companions, you will be envied by every child in school.

Given for one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** (not your own) postpaid, cash price 50 cents.



INDIVIDUAL PENCILS. These pencils have your own name printed on them so you will not lose them. They are excellent grade octagon pencils and come six in a box, each bearing your name in gold letters. Each pencil has an eraser.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price 75c.



LADIES' PENKNIFE. A darling knife for a lady's desk, or a child. It is made of fine quality steel and will take a good keen edge. This beautiful knife has a large blade and a small blade.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, 95c.

SMALL DANDY

PAINT BOX

This Dandy paint box contains 22 colors in paints and crayons. There are eight boxes of water color and pans of water color paints, and six crayons, two pans and paint brush, all put up in a big, beautiful strong box with hinged cover. With it you can color all the pictures in **LITTLE FOLKS** and many others.

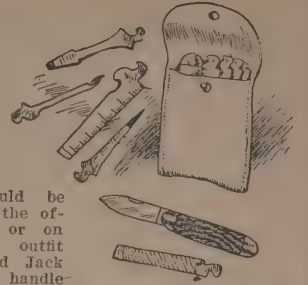
Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.



THE "SO HANDY Pocket Knife and Tool Kit. A complete, compact kit for boys. It weighs but 5 ounces, and can be easily carried in the pocket.

A practical, serviceable outfit for all kinds of "odd jobs." Nothing could be more convenient in the office, store, home, or on an outing. This outfit comprises a splendid Jack Knife with coco handle and an exceptionally good blade, and the following tools which can be attached instantly to the knife handle: File, chisel, reamer, screw driver, bottle opener, gimlet and rule.

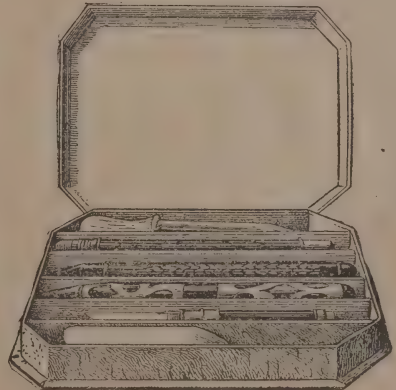
Given for three new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price \$1.35.



The EAGLE COMPANION

is made of heavy, cloth-covered pasteboard, finished in bright and attractive colors. The contents are very complete. There is a collapsible drinking cup, several excellent pencils, adjustable lead pencil with box of extra leads, etc. Everything in the Eagle is first-class, and will suit anybody.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, \$1.00.



OCTAGON WRITING CABINET

This very high grade cabinet contains writing utensils that every child will be delighted to own and enjoy using. This beautifully finished cabinet of superior desk essentials contains fountain pen with 14k gold pen, gold bands and safety clip, a novelty pencil, an economy pencil holder, a magic knife, etc. Every child should own one.

Given for four new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to **LITTLE FOLKS**, postpaid. Cash price, \$1.75.

LITTLE FOLKS, SALEM, MASS., Better Toys By Mail

When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

SOMETHING TO JOIN

(Continued from page 475)

be sweet when somebody else beats you." That will do very well for Rule Three.

Then Robin said he thought this very good for Rule Four: *Play with what you have and don't fuss about what you have not.*

Peggy said her Rule Five was just: *Sometimes play what other people like instead of all the time playing what you like.*

Then Maysie said her rule was: *Don't cry when you get hurt; nobody want to hurt you, and if you don't cry, it doesn't hurt so badly.*

Father Grey said all our rules were good, so I am sending them right on to the Home Guard to learn, too.

I am going to give you a little kindness pledge to sign and paste in your Home Guard Book where you can keep it to remember.

This is Play Month for the Home Guard and you want to be sure to get in all the happy play you can so you will be ready for school.

One of our dearest writers for children says that

"Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places"

is the way for children to grow up great and good.

We mustn't forget to make little Joan Henry happy, too. We haven't yet enough money to keep him another year, and we don't want to let him go, do we? Let's all help all we can.

Here is your August pledge, and you can have a pin if you will send me five cents, in care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

I will be FAIR and KIND in my play

Name

Street

Town

State

Lovingly

Auntie Frances.



SOMETHING FOR THEM TO MAKE

WHO would like a salad for luncheon?" asked Mother coming out onto the porch where the playroom cooks were making doll-dresses.

"All of us," Janie replied promptly.

"If we can make it," added Ruth, putting down her doll.

"In that case," said Mother, "Ruth may get the head of lettuce from the ice-box, and wash it. Be sure to take off all the tough outside leaves and the faded ones, and wash the leaves in running water as you pull them off carefully from the stem. Then fill the dishpan with cold water and leave the lettuce in it for about half an hour."

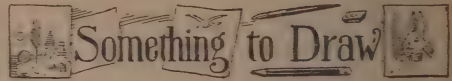
"And what do I do?" asked Janie.

"Nothing just yet," smiled Mother. "This is going to be a Pixie Salad, and it will do itself suddenly, you'll see."

Before the doll dress was finished. Mother called the playroom cooks into the kitchen, where an orange lay on the table beside the kitchen sugar-bowl.

"Take the lettuce leaves from the water, Ruth," directed Mother, "and shake them carefully, so that they will not tear, to get the water off. Then lay them on this towel to dry the leaves even more. When you have done that, lay the best of the lettuce leaves, the tender, small ones, into this salad bowl. While Ruth is doing that, Janie, you may peel this orange and slice it with this sharp knife. Try not to lose any juice. The best way to prevent that, and lessen the danger of cut fingers, is to lay the orange on a flat plate, and slice it as thin as you can, cutting downward, of course. Then you may lay the slices of orange on the bed of lettuce leaves, and Ruth may sprinkle the whole with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of granulated sugar. When that's done, pop the dish into the ice-box for about ten minutes, and run, both of you, and set the table. We mustn't leave our salad long, for it will not be so good."

And that is how the playroom cooks made their first salad.



WE'VE been a long time printing the best story about Beatrice Bat, and even now we can't print the prize drawings because there isn't room.

The Jolly Showman says he had a hard time choosing the best story. But here it is. Dorothy Hedger, Stockton, Calif., writes:

"I once saw a bat my brother brought home from the Y. M. C. A. He put it into a butterfly net and next morning I went to look at it. The bat was just like a mouse with wings, smaller feet and sharper teeth.

The bat bit Donald, my brother, on the finger and Donald let go. But another boy caught it with the butterfly net.

We gave it flies and it seemed to swallow them whole. Bats sleep in bunches hung together head downward from a tree. They eat insects, and are a help to people.

Once our bat got away and flew around the house, but we caught it in the net.

The Indians said the bat used to be a field mouse and it got tired of staying on the ground so the Great Spirit gave it wings, and it has had them ever since.

Donald got bit by the bat and the bat flew away. It had been shamming, as though it felt too weak to fly. The last time Donald let go of it, it flew away.

I think bats are interesting, don't you?"

Honorable mention for good stories is made as follows: Margaret Rinehart, Oakland, Calif., Virginia Gibbs, Chicago, Ill., Margery Brakenridge, Lamar, Colo., and the author of "Brownie, the Bat," who failed to write his or her name on the story.

The prize winners in the Bat Round Up Contest will be printed next month.

Advanced Prices For Magazines

Owing to the constantly increasing price of labor and materials, many magazines which have hitherto maintained the lowest possible rates have been obliged to raise their subscription prices. The clubbing rates offered are the lowest obtainable. Renew now. No prices can be guaranteed for long.

		Our Price for all three	
LITTLE FOLKS and YOUTH'S COMPANION with	Christian Herald.....	\$5.25	
	Today's Housewife.....	3.95	
	People's Home Journal.....	4.75	
	Review of Reviews.....	6.00	
	Woman's Home Companion.....	5.50	
	Delineator or Am. Boy.....	6.00	
	Boy's Life.....	4.75	
	McCall's.....	4.50	
	Etude.....	5.00	
	McClure's.....	6.00	
	New Children's Magazine.....	4.25	
	Boy's Magazine.....	4.25	
	Metropolitan.....	5.50	
	Pictorial Review.....	6.50	
	Modern Priscilla.....	5.00	
	Mother's Magazine.....	4.50	
	Current Opinion.....	5.75	

LITTLE FOLKS and *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION with	Youth's Companion.....	\$5.50	
	McCall's.....	4.25	
	McClure's.....	5.75	
	Boy's Magazine.....	4.25	
	Etude.....	4.50	
	Christian Herald.....	5.00	
	Pictorial Review.....	6.25	
	People's Home Journal.....	4.50	
	Today's Housewife.....	4.00	
	Boy's Life.....	4.60	
	American Boy or Delineator.....	5.75	
	New Children's Magazine.....	4.00	
	Mother's Magazine.....	4.00	
	American Magazine (all to one address).....	4.75	

LITTLE FOLKS and MODERN PRISCILLA with	Review of Reviews.....	5.75	
	Boy's Magazine.....	4.25	
	Etude.....	4.40	
	Pictorial Review.....	5.75	
	Christian Herald.....	4.50	
	McCall's.....	3.75	
	Youth's Companion.....	4.75	
	Delineator.....	5.25	
	Boy's Life.....	4.25	
	American Boy.....	5.25	
	Mother's Magazine.....	3.60	
	New Children's Magazine.....	3.25	
	American Mag. or Everybody's.....	5.25	
	Today's Housewife.....	3.60	
	People's Home Journal.....	4.00	

LITTLE FOLKS and THE NEW CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE with	Boy's Life.....	\$3.25	
	Review of Reviews.....	4.75	
	Pictorial Review.....	5.00	
	Boy's Magazine.....	3.25	
	Youth's Companion.....	4.25	
	McCall's.....	2.75	
	People's Home Journal.....	2.90	
	Today's Housewife.....	2.75	
	Delineator.....	4.50	
	Mother's.....	2.75	
	Woman's Home Companion.....	4.00	
	Etude.....	3.50	
	Christian Herald.....	3.50	
	McClure's.....	4.25	

LITTLE FOLKS		With Little Folks & Chil- dren's	
With			
" American Boy	\$3.75	\$4.25	
" American Magazine	3.75	4.25	
" Boy's Magazine	2.75	3.25	
" Boy's Life	2.75	3.25	
" Children's Magazine	2.00		
" Christian Herald	3.00	3.50	
" Cosmopolitan	4.25	4.75	
" Country Gentleman	2.25	3.00	
" Current Opinion	3.50	4.00	
" Delineator	3.75	4.25	
" Designer	2.75	3.25	
" Etude	3.00	3.50	
" Everybody's Magazine	4.00	4.50	
" Good Housekeeping	4.25	4.75	
" Hearst's	4.75	5.25	
" Ladies' Home Journal	3.25	3.75	
" Literary Digest	5.25	6.00	
" McCall's Magazine	2.25	2.75	
" McClure's	3.75	4.25	
" Metropolitan Magazine	3.75	4.25	
" Modern Priscilla	2.75	3.25	
" Mother's Magazine	2.25	2.75	
" Outlook	6.00	6.50	
" The Pathfinder	2.25	2.75	
" People's Home Journal	2.50	3.00	
" Pictorial Review	4.25	4.75	
" Review of Reviews	4.25	4.75	
" St. Nicholas	4.25	4.75	
" Saturday Evening Post	3.75	4.25	
" To-day's Housewife	2.25	2.75	
" Woman's Home Com- panion	3.25	3.75	
" Woman's World	1.75	2.50	
" World's Work	4.25	4.75	
" Youth's Companion	3.50	4.25	

To find the price of any of the magazines above without LITTLE FOLKS subtract \$1.25 from the price in the first column; for example, to find the price of Review of Reviews: in the first column the price of Review of Reviews with LITTLE FOLKS is \$4.25, without LITTLE FOLKS (subtract \$1.25 for LITTLE FOLKS) the price is \$3.00. To be entitled to this price however, you must order at least two magazines.

TO MAKE UP A LIST OF MAGAZINES

of your own selection merely repeat this; for example, Youth's Companion listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$3.50, Pictorial Review listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$4.25, and Boy's Life listed with LITTLE FOLKS, \$2.75, Subtract \$1.25 from each and add together. This equals \$6.75, the price of these three magazines. If you want LITTLE FOLKS in the club add \$1.25. To include both LITTLE FOLKS and CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE add \$2.00.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,

SALEM, MASS.



"AD"
VENTURES of the

IVORY HEROES



Don't Care Clan

Chapter
VII

Part ----- One

"Oh, Billy Goat and Peter Pig," said Betty, "I regret to tell you both that work for us is not all ended yet. In doing right and cleaning up it is not well to plan on too much rest and quietude in life's uncertain span. E'en as I speak thus earnestly I have no doubt you can both hear the lazy grumbles of the dirty *Don't Care Clan*."



MOTTO says there is no rest for naughty folks," said Peter, "but good folks are the busiest would make the saw completer." "That's true for you," Bill Goat replied, "but let us henceforth hope that we may rest in perfect peace by using IVORY SOAP."

"Oh, Billy Goat



On Guard!

What Betty said was very true, for scarce had Betty spoken than all their hopes of further peace was very rudely broken. From bush and bramble, nest and nook there rose a sputtering of angry voices trying hard to hush their muttering. And as our little heroes looked at dark or hidden places they all caught glimpses here and there of sullen, dirty faces.

"ON GUARD!" called Gnif, "since that first day our cleanly drive began I've hoped to run against this most obnoxious *Don't Care Clan*. Ho, IVORY SOAPERS, there are no worse villains anywhere than those whose false philosophy is based on *I DON'T CARE*." "Hear, hear!" cried Pete and Billy Goat, "but watch me"—said the latter, "with baleful butts thrice multiplied I'll make these villains scatter."

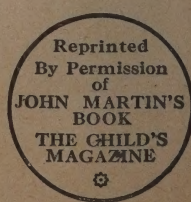
"STOP! Hold your butts!" called Captain Gnif, "the brave have dooded and dared, but those do best who make full sure that they are well prepared. This *Don't Care Clan* is dangerous. Neglect is their delight and wreck and ruin follow them like unto scourge or blight. They give no thought or care to things, nor to their mussy selves. They love disorder, dust and dirt, and sticky pantry shelves. Their faces and their dirty hands are dabbed and daubed with grime, and what is worse their *outside* dirt reflects their *inside* crime. So, heroes of pure IVORY SOAP, we want to, and we can relieve the world for good and all of this bad *Don't Care Clan*."

The noble fight our heroes fought
Was fitten long and neatly,
And very soon I'll tell just how
The clan was crushed completely.

IVORY
IT FLOATS



SOAP
99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE



When you write advertisers please mention CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS

Bessie Beech-Nut Her Letter

DEAR DADDY—

WE WENT TO ETHELZ
HOUSE SATURDAY AND
ETHELZ MOTHER GAVE US
BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
SANWISHES.

I HOPE I HAVE
SOM MORE SOON
I HOPE YOU ARE
HAVEING A NICE
TIME.

LOTS AND LOTS OF
LOVE AND KISSES
I WISH I COULD SEE
YOU SOON. LOVE
FROM BESSIE.



Peanut Butter Beech-Nut

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

"Foods of Finest Flavor"

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree
top,
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle
will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and
all.

Brush-a-bye, baby, on the tooth
top,
On the side, on the end, before you
should stop.
When your tooth's clean, make it
clean over all,
So you can chew well to grow
strong and tall.



You enjoy that clean, sweet-mouthed sensation that you
gain from brushing your teeth with a good dentifrice twice
a day. Do you see to it that your children enjoy it too?

Of course, *you* use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—be-
cause it's the safe, sane, delicious dentifrice. For your
children, Colgate's means Good Teeth—Good Health.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806 NEW YORK